

*for Iohn* Yea, but by the grace of God and Hums aduise,  
Your graces state shall be aduans't ere long.

*Elnor.* What hast thou conferr'd with *Margery Iordane*, the  
cunning witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullinbrooke* and the rest,  
and will they vndertake to do me good?

*for Iohn* I haue Madam, and they haue promised me to raise  
a spirit from the depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your  
grace all questions you demaund.

*Elnor.* Thanks good *for Iohn*, some two daies hence I gesse  
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:

For now the King is riding to Saint Albons,  
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him:  
When they be gone, then safely they may come,  
And on the backside of my Orchard here,  
There cast their spells in silence of the night,  
And so resolute of the thing we wish,  
Till when, drinke that for my sake; and so farewell.

*exit Elnor.*

*for Iohn* Now *for Iohn Hum*, no words but mum,  
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,  
These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich,  
The Dutches she thinkes now that all is well,  
But I haue gold comes from another place,  
From one that hyred me to set her on,  
To plot these treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
And that is the mightie duke of Suffolke,  
For he it is, but I must not say so,  
That by my meanes must worke the Dutches fall,  
Who now by coniurations thinkes to raise:  
But whist *for Iohn*, no more of that I trow,  
For feare you lose your head before you go.

*exit.*

*Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the  
Armourers man.*

*1 Peti.* Come sirs, let vs linger here abouts a while,  
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,

That

That we may shew his grace our seuerall causes.

*2 Peti.* I pray God saue the good Humphries life,  
For but for him, a many were vndone,  
That can get no succour in the Court,  
But see where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they  
take him for Duke Humphrey, and giues  
him their writtings.*

*1 Peti.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

*Queen* Now good fellows, whom would you speak withal?

*2 Peti.* If it please your maiestie, with my Lord Protectors  
Grace.

*Queen* Are your sutes to his grace? let vs see them first,  
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

*Suffolke.* A comp'laint against the Cardinalls man,  
What hath he done?

*2 Peti.* Mary my lord, he hath stolne away my wife,  
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to find them.

*Suffolk.* Hath he stolne thy wife, thats some iniury indeed,  
But what say you?

*Peter Thump.* Mary sir I come to tell you that my master  
said, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire vnto the Crowne,  
and that the King was an vsurer.

*Queen* An vsurper thou wouldst say.

*Peter* Yea forsooth an vsurper.

*Queen* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

*Peter* No forsooth, I said my master said so, th'other day  
when we were scowring the Duke of Yorkes armour in our  
garret.

*Suff.* Yea mary this is something like,  
Who's within there?

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra take this fellow and keepe him close,  
And send out a Pursuant for his master straight,  
Weele heare more of this before the King.

B 2

*exit*